

The Situation in Weber County.

The lines of the campaign have been outlined and the fur is expected to fly next week. The Republicans, both as a national and local issue, are crying, "Let well enough alone." The Democrats are meeting this slogan by asserting that in county government the people have not been having "well enough." They are making a campaign of abuse and faultfinding, and they hope to horn-swoggle enough of the people to give them the victory. The orators of the unterrified have loaded up on misrepresentations and cheap attacks and propose to carry the war into Africa. The Republicans will content themselves with denying Democratic campaign stories and will depend on the good sense of the American voter to see that the G. O. P. ticket is victorious all along the line.

One of the really funny things of the local campaign is the selection of Judge Dee as chairman of the Democratic county committee. The good old Judge is one of our leading citizens—a pillar of our financial temple and a far-seeing, sound business man. As a matter of fact, he is such a sound, safe business man that he votes the national Republican ticket and supports the national Republican policies. He poses locally as a Democrat, but that is for reasons which pertain exclusively to his own political virtue. He was a Democrat in the olden time and at his age to change his politics would put him in the same class as Shurtliff. So he is a Democrat for 364 days in each year, but on election day he marches to the polls and puts a cross up by the bee hive and lets it go at that.

Judge Dee voted for McKinley a couple of times and is glad of it. He is heavily interested in the Ogden Sugar company, now the Amalgamated, and of course he wants a Congressman who will vote against the reciprocity bill. He is a firm believer in sound money, so naturally he would be opposed to the silver mouthings of William Henry King. He is a disciple of expansion as the Oriental market will make a demand for the products of the West and thus help out all the industries the good old Judge is connected with. And that is why it is funny to see and read and hear of Judge Dee managing a Democratic campaign when everybody expects him to religiously work and pray that from all the efforts of Democrats to harass the land with Democratic government, the country may be spared yet another time.

The people in Weber have just about arrived at the conclusion that the so-called Smoot-Kearns combination is nothing but a dream. Those on the inside know that the camps of each bear strained relations toward each other, but the people generally have not expected to see an open rupture. The unexpected, it appears, has happened, as Mr. Smoot is riding in the band wagon alone, while Kearns is frantically gesticulating back of the procession. For some unknown reason, let us hope the love of self-respect, the apostle has served notice on the Senator to get off the earth, and the Senator, it appears, will have a hard time trying to evade the manifesto, if he fares no better in the rest of the State than he did in Ogden at the late convention. So far as the combination goes Smoot is in the saddle and Kearns is nowhere.

It looks as though the Democratic hope that Bill would jump on the Republican ticket with both feet was about to be verified. The Mayor-editor has not said one kind word of the ticket or a single nominee and that means that your Uncle Bill must have an understanding, or he must know where he is at politically for the future. That, if Bill can be relied on long enough to follow his own precedent there will not be much doing through the columns of the Daily Bill until the editor has been "seen." However, these calculations may be rudely shattered. Bill may jump in and put up a rousing fight just to show the boys that he knows the Republicans are going to win anyway and he don't propose to be outside the breastworks when the victors share the spoils.

A resume of the Republican situation shows that at least four of the Legislative nominees are for Sutherland for Senator, and as the fifth is doubtful, there could stranger things happen than giving Sutherland the whole half-dozen from Weber (everyone knows where Senator Allison stands). Should the Congressman conclude to butt in on the Senatorial fight he can start out with practically the solid backing of Weber. That fact is significant when the Kearns managers here have assured the Senator that Sutherland did not get a call at the late convention. If the daily press of the State was not syndicated and if the truth was not so often strangled to make a Kearns display, the probability is that in other parts of the State the American spirit of fairness might occasionally be found and the Senatorial situation might be decidedly different.

GOLF.

Today's foursome should, from the view-point of the gallery, be one of the most interesting matches in a long season of close contests on the local links. With the champion and runner-up both of the men's and women's championship contests in the play, there ought to be enough good golf to furnish a lot of surprises and sudden changes in the standing of the game, with the result problematical until near the end of the eighteen hole match. In a match of this kind, Mr. Channing's terrific driving and Miss Judge's clever approaching should make them the favorites.

Thirty-six holes match play is too long a game for the women, even in the championship finals. To play thirty-six holes in one day takes something besides golfing knowledge; it takes an amount of endurance that belongs rather to a professional pedestrian than to a woman golfer. And to split championship finals into two days' play is not golf, nor is it conducive to peaceful sleep.

This opinion is not the product of my own fertile brain; the women contestants declare with emphasis that it is what they think about it, and it is a pretty good think. Twenty-seven holes could be played in one day, and twenty-seven holes is a good test of golf. It is long enough to prevent the possibility of winning by accident or luck, and as the ladies wish it so, twenty-seven holes will probably be fixed as the limit of play in the women's finals next season.

The links at Fort Douglas have finally been completed, and a number of the Country Club golfers have been cordially invited by Colonel Bubb to bring their "cloobs" and try them. Needless to say, the invitation will be accepted. I understand the boys at the post have succeeded in laying out a very sporty course. That is in accordance with the eternal fitness of things. And the establishing of a bogey score for the new course will be attended with much pleasure.

Col. Bubb is to be commended for his action in having this new course laid out. Most of the officers at the post are exceedingly fond of the game, but the Country Club links are too far away for them to play much, and the new links will give them an opportunity of slamming new balls into the hereafter to their hearts' content.

Comment on the championship finals will be made by some other man in some other column.

I. GOLFSOME.

Higgins—Won't your wife scold you for betting so heavily?

Wiggins—Can't tell until I see whether I am going to win or not.—Boston Transcript.

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